

MARRY HER OR GO TO PRISON.

This Is the Alternative Which Elias Kwiat Faces with Ida Kantrowitz.

CAPTURED BY WOMEN.

Bridegroom All Ready to Escape Before the Ceremony Is Held by Bride's Friends Till Detectives Arrive.

Elias Kwiat, twenty-nine years old, was kept a prisoner in his rooms at No. 55 Orchard street to-day by a dozen women, armed with their fists, who resisted all his efforts to get away. Kwiat tried to gain his liberty by means of the fire-escape, but his effort was fruitless, as the women fell upon him in a body and dragged him into the room again. "You stay here and get arrested!" they screamed.

Kwiat shook his fist at the women and threatened to sue them for restraining him. Finally he became desperate, made a dash and succeeded in reaching the street, when he was recaptured. He struck at his captors.

Just then Detectives Sheehan and Shea, of the Eldridge street station, rushed up and took charge of Kwiat, who had almost had his clothing torn him.

Decided to Run Away.

"He is a thief! He is a murderer! He's killed my poor heart!" said Ida Kantrowitz, of No. 248 Broome street. She and Kwiat were to have been married to-night at Grand Lyceum Hall, in Ludlow street. Kwiat told a friend he was going to run away because he heard that Ida had other sweethearts. Thursday Ida drew \$500 from the State Bank and gave it to Kwiat to fix up a home. When she learned that Kwiat was going to run away she summoned her friends and, while half of them watched him, Ida, with the other half, went after the detectives.

In Essex Market Court Ida made a charge of grand larceny against Kwiat. "I suppose all you want," said Magistrate Cornell, "is to make him marry you."

"Yes, yes," said Ida, "if he marries me I don't want the money."

Refuses to Marry Her.

"I wouldn't marry her," said the defendant, "if she was the only woman in the world."

"I have no sympathy for men of your stamp," said the Court. "You take money from the girl to marry her, and then you don't want to keep your word. I'll hold you for examination on Monday in default of \$500 bail."

"You make him marry you," said her friends to Ida, "or send him to prison."

"I will," she replied with a smile.

"LITTLE SUNBEAM" SUED FOR DIVORCE.

Mrs. Nellie R. Carnes, the "Little Sunbeam" in the recent allegation suit of Frank M. Carnes, of No. 93 Glenwood avenue Jersey City, against his former business partner, Arthur N. Hanson, was sued for divorce to-day.

Carnes, who has just fallen heir to an estate valued at \$1,000,000, says in his complaint that his wife met him last month and begged to be allowed to return to him. He charges her with indiscretion with Hanson on two specified occasions, once at Whitestone, N. Y., and once at Hoboken.

A cross bill has been filed by Mrs. Carnes in which she asks for maintenance pending the decision of the suit. In her bill she charges cruelty.

FEARS HUSBAND HAS BEEN SLAIN

Mrs. Bates Prostrated by Belief that Missing Oculist Was Decayed to Death.

HER CONDITION SERIOUS

Physician in Attendance Says that Any Additional Excitement for the Grief-Stricken Woman Will Be Hazardous

Prostrated by the unaccountable disappearance of her husband, who she believes has been decayed into the hands of enemies, the wife of Dr. William H. Bates, an eye and ear specialist, was removed to-day from her apartments in the Lonsdale, at No. 567 Park avenue, to the home of Dr. Joseph E. Kelly, of No. 117 East Fifty-ninth street.

She is under the care of her mother, Mrs. A. E. Seaman, and Dr. Kelly, who declares that her condition is so precarious that any additional excitement would be hazardous.

The last seen of Dr. Bates at the Lonsdale apartment was on Aug. 30. He had written his wife that he had been asked to assist at an important ocular operation by a Dr. Forschie, an old college mate. On the way he left a short, thickset man called at the apartment and took from the doctor's office an oblong box which contained Dr. Bates's surgical instruments. This he placed in a delivery wagon which bore no name.

Short Trip, He Said.

Dr. Bates followed him, carrying a dress suit case and an umbrella. He told the superintendent of the building to tell his patients that he would be out of the city for a few days.

At the time of Dr. Bates's disappearance, Mrs. Bates, Mrs. Seaman and Halway Bates, the nine-year-old son of the doctor, were in the Adirondacks, where Mrs. Bates was trying to recuperate her health. His disappearance was not thought strange at the Lonsdale apartment house, and no one took the trouble to investigate it until Mrs. Bates became alarmed because of not hearing from her husband. She wrote repeatedly from the mountains, but got no reply. So last Monday she returned to the city, and then she learned that her husband was missing.

Paul Play, Maybe.

She did not know "Dr. Forschie" and believed him a myth, as a search of all the directories of medical men in the United States contained no such name. Mrs. Bates believed her husband had been decoyed into some out-of-the-way place and had met with foul play.

A search of all the express and delivery offices, public and private, in the city has been made under her direction, and no trace has been found of the man who took Dr. Bates's package of optical instruments away.

In the general alarm that is sent out by the police Dr. Bates is described as forty-two years old, five feet and one-half inches tall, slender, with dark complexion and half and dark blue eyes. He wore when he disappeared a dark sack coat and vest, dark trousers, black derby hat, light underwear and black lace shoes. He carried gold watch on which are engraved the initials "W. H. B."

NO CHANGE ON 9TH AVENUE.

Number of Trips Each Day Not Reduced.

A statement was made to-day by conductors of the Ninth avenue line that a reduction in the number of trips commencing a day had been granted to a delegation which called on the managers.

When this was shown to officers of the line they said that they had not seen the delegation nor reduced the number of trips.

BABY'S MARVELLOUS ESCAPE IN LONG FALL FROM WINDOW.



"Buster" Weers - Baptized William

"Buster" Weers Wiggled Himself Loose from Chair, Tumbled 35 Feet and Was Practically Unhurt.

How a fourteen-months-old baby, fastened to his chair by straps, can wriggle loose, climb over a window sill and fall thirty-five feet to a stone step at the street entrance, and live is to-day the absorbing subject of discussion about West One Hundred and Forty-fifth street. The baby who performed the miracle is "Buster" Weers, baptized William, the bouncing twenty-five pound son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Weers, of No. 47 West One Hundred and Forty-fifth street. He suffered no greater injuries from the fall than a slight abrasion of the skin on the right side of his head. How he got out of the window, only he himself knows, and "Buster" is a very wise baby for one who has not yet turned the two-year-old mark. Indeed, he is known as the huskiest baby in the neighborhood.

"Buster" was seen to-day by an Evening World reporter, who was conducted by his proud and joyful mother into the room in which the wonderful adventure began yesterday afternoon. He is a very wise child. As the reporter entered the room the baby actually winked at him, the shrewd eyes took in everything and wide open ears heard all that was said concerning the lucky accident that brought him fame. He uttered no words, but contentedly

sucked away upon a rubber mouth-piece, and let his mother do the talking.

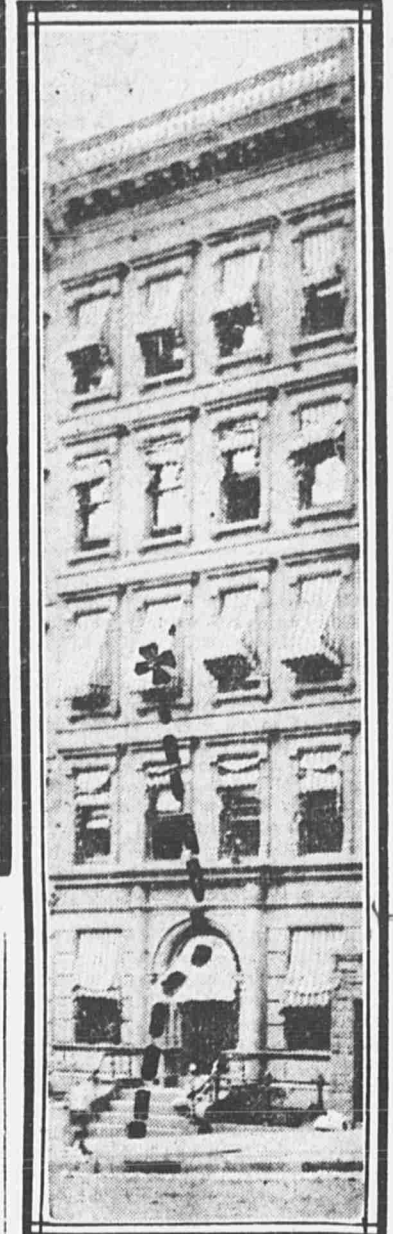
Mother Tells the Story.

"Aah, yes!" the mother said. "Buster" is the finest baby in the whole world, and how he ever escaped death is a mystery. That baby boy was strapped in his chair yesterday noon when I left him to go into the kitchen.

He was seated near the open window, but I never dreamt that my baby would get so active. His chair was tied by a rope to a larger chair, and that chair was tied in turn to the bed. There were three leather straps bound about him, and the one about his waist was as tight as I could draw it.

"But he is a very strong baby; as strong as one three years old, and he always likes to see the horses go by. He told me this morning that before he fell he was playing with his wagon wheel, and when he heard a yell passing he called out 'gritty oop' and that is the last that he remembers."

"The most remarkable thing of his exit is the fact that when I entered the room the chair had not been overturned, but was just where I left it with my baby there. But 'Buster' was gone and only the chair, the straps and the yarn which remained behind. I was frantic until a young man came up the stairs carrying a baby. He said he had seen the baby fall out of the window and land with a yell on the awning."



Dotted Line Shows Course of Baby's Fall.

From there 'Buster' fell to the bottom step of the entrance and lay there just moaning a little. My baby was unhurt and will not suffer in the future."

All this time 'Buster' was on the bed and looking so very wise that it seemed he understood perfectly what all the talking was about. Finally he seemed to grow tired of it and turning so that he could gaze at the window through which he had made his marvellous exit, he refused to do anything but suck the rubber in his mouth.

Dr. G. S. Harrington, who attended to the slight injuries to the child, said "Buster" was absolutely unharmed by his fall and that there would be no serious consequences. The child lay on the thickest part of the skull. Being a baby he did not attempt to save himself. That accounts in large measure for his marvellous escape. The awning partly broke the force of the fall. Had his course been turned a foot to the right or the left, he would have fallen into one of the areas, which are ten feet below the level of the street.

FIND A DROWNED BOY.

Body of Unknown Lad Is Picked Up in the East River.

The body of a drowned boy was found at 5:30 o'clock this morning in the East River at the foot of Fifty-fifth street.

There were no marks on the boy's clothing by which he could be identified. The police describe him as twelve years old, fair complexion and light hair. His clothing consisted of a blue and white striped shirt, black and white check knee trousers, brown stockings, tan shoes and light-colored knit underwear.

NIAGARA BREAKS OVER ELEVATOR

Pipe Bursts Above the Car and it Is Stalled with Panic-Stricken Occupants.

CAUGHT BETWEEN FLOORS

While Water Drenches Five Persons in the Lift, a Crowd Offers to Call a Sailing Boat Crew.

As an elevator left the ground floor of the Broadway Chambers building, No. 27 Broadway, at 11:35 this morning, a jolt in the cylinder which furnished the hydraulic power parted, and there was a mighty rush of water. The elevator was caught halfway between the first and the second floors, and for five minutes its occupants received the full force of a miniature Niagara Falls.

A two-foot break in the scrollwork of castiron which is over the entrance is mute evidence of the power with which the water was driven outward from the rear of the shaft. The casting is bent and twisted.

James Brown was in charge of the car. He does not own a yacht nor has he ever been to sea, and so when the water began to drop through the top of the elevator he began to yell wildly. As it increased in volume the passengers in chorus joined him in the cry. The latter numbered four—Felix Randall, who has an office in the building, a fat man, a small boy and an elderly man.

Soon there was a large crowd gathered in the corridor watching the plight of the passengers, but unable to aid them. Some one suggested a ladder, and then a facetious person proposed a boat.

"Accidents similar in character have occurred in many of the new downtown office buildings," said the superintendent. "The elevators here have been thoroughly tested and I cannot explain the curious happening of to-day."

The passengers dried out in the engine-room.

SOTHERN BACK TO PLAY HAMLET

Actor Returns with Roland Buckstone, Who Says New York Opening Will Take Place After a Short Tour.

E. H. Sothern and Roland Buckstone returned from Europe on the Umbria to-day. Mrs. Sothern, who came back several weeks ago, met them at the pier, and Mr. Sothern hurried away with her as soon as he came ashore. Mr. Buckstone talked for them. He said:

"Mrs. Sothern goes to Cleveland to-night where she opens Monday in 'Iris,' and Mr. Sothern will probably follow her to-morrow to see her first appearance there. He'll then come back and the company will be called together to rehearse 'If I Were King,' with which he will open probably in Albany early in October."

"We shall make a short tour with this play and return here just before Christmas to produce 'Hamlet' at the Garden Theatre. Mr. Sothern has in contemplation a production of 'Romeo and Juliet.' We have had a delightful vacation. The last two weeks we devoted to a coaching trip through Wales. Mr. Sothern did not see the coronation, but I did and was deeply impressed with the ceremony."

WELL YOUR SECOND-HAND PHOTOGRAPH. Advertise it in the Sunday World.

DEVERY IS THE INNOCENT VICTIM OF GUILTY DOUBLE

Cadmus, of Jersey, Who Looks Just Like the Big Chief, Did It All.

Can it be possible that William S. Devery is the malignant man he says he is?

It begins to look that way. His double has been found.

The name of the double is William Cadmus, of Morristown, N. J.

He says he is William S. Devery. He tried to arrest a man yesterday because the man was lame.

Cadmus said the lame man was John C. Sheehan.

So they put Cadmus in the Morristown jail, the walls of which are six feet thick.

Everything, therefore, is cleared up. It was not William S. Devery who was throwing money away over in Jersey City that time.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

It was not William S. Devery who used to take the dough bags away from Police Headquarters in a cab.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

It was not William S. Devery who had his headquarters in a clothing store, where he met men wearing diamond horseshoe pins and suspiciously black mustaches.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

It was not William S. Devery who bought \$350,000 worth of real estate out of his savings as a policeman.

It was not William S. Devery that lost the last election for Tammany Hall.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

'Twas Mr. Cadmus.

To-Morrow's SUNDAY WORLD.

Her fourth article will be published to-morrow in the Sunday World, with photographs of Mary Mac Lane as she is. Read it and then let us know what you think of Mary Mac Lane.

Royal Brides for the Duchess of Marlborough's Sons?

Possibilities and probabilities of the future wives to be selected for these little children of Consuelo Vanderbilt.

How Europe May Be Reached in Three Days.

Amazing record-breaking trip of Charles R. Flint's Arrow brings within reaching distance a long-imagined possibility. How it can be achieved.

Tiny Man-of-War Attacking New York's Shores.

Nature's most spectacular representative in the sea now flocking to this coast, and described by the great naturalist, Ernest Ingersoll.

To-Morrow's SUNDAY WORLD.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MARY MAC LANE, ANYWAY?

We want to know. We have given you an opportunity to read the wonderful articles of this remarkable young woman from Butte, Montana. You have read three of them, "Newport," "Coney Island" and "Wall Street." They have made their impression on you.

"MARY MAC LANE IN LITTLE OLD NEW YORK."

Read it and then let us know what you think of Mary Mac Lane.

That Amazing Person, J. Pierpont Morgan.

An Unusual Gathering of Facts About This Colossus of Finance, Proving Why He Is To-Day the MOST IMPORTANT MAN ON EARTH.

With a Splendid New Portrait in Colors.

The Wonderful Throat of an American Girl Who Sings a Higher Note than a Woman's Voice Has Ever Before Reached.

Martyr to Science Dying of Consumption.

Heroic experiment of Dr. Paul Gernault, which has proved a fact, but will cost him his own life.

Vegetarians for Health and Beauty Claim Wondrous Things.

Remarkable list of London and Parisian society women who have abjured meat and wine that they may preserve their youth and beauty, with personal interviews by Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

How Edna May Keeps House in London Town.

The "Belle of New York" visited in her pretty English home, where she is sought by people of title and wealth. Her simple life far from home.

To-Morrow's SUNDAY WORLD.